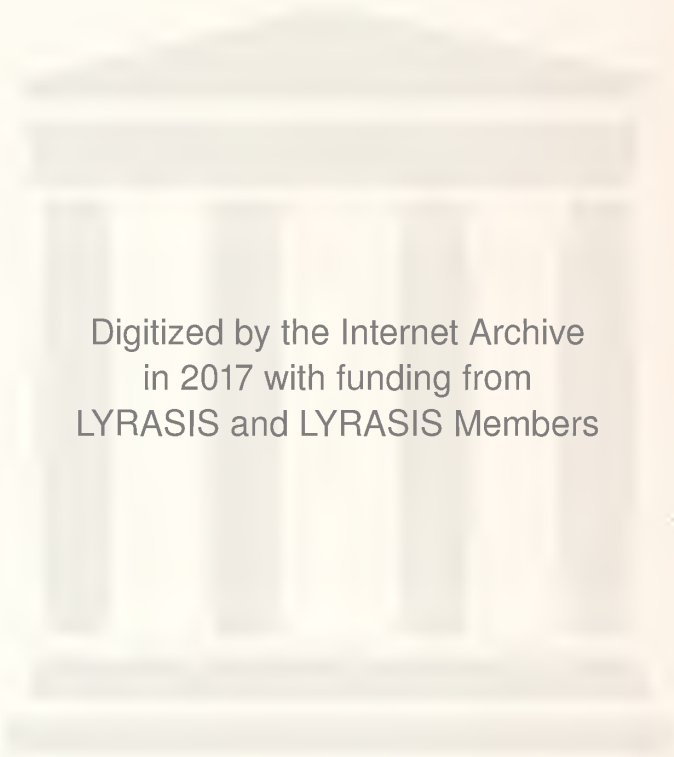
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THE MISSILE

SHAKESPEAREAN EDITION

MAY 1916

Petersburg High School
Petersburg, Virginia

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Non qui multum, sed qui bene

THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

VOL. V. MAY, 1916 NO. 5

William Shakespeare

1616—1916

Of him who has mankind enthralled with joy and
pensiveness;
Of him who oft allays the clutch of passion's dire
distress;
Of him who taught the world the ways of life and
righteousness;
Not with a tear—
But with a cheer
Three centuries unite in praise,
And gleaming banners to him raise
Evermore—
Great Shakespeare!

—M. H. L., '16.

The Mystery of Shakespeare's Sonnets

HAKESPEARE'S sonnets, one hundred and fifty-four in number, are said to be the only sincere expressions of the poet's true feelings that we possess. They were probably written between the spring of 1593 and the autumn of 1594. They were not published, however, until 1609 when they were all published together by Thomas Thorpe, without the consent of Shakespeare.

Almost all critics have a different opinion in regard to Shakespeare's sonnets. It would be impossible to mention the views of all these various critics, but the following are among some of the best known theories: Some consider them as mere literary exercises, others as expressions of some personal grief during the third era of the poet's literary life, which was known as the period of gloom, and lasted from 1600 to 1608. Still others taking a hint from one of his sonnets, which begins, "Two loves I have of comfort and despair," divide the sonnets into two groups. The first one hundred and twenty-six were addressed to a man. The second group from the one hundred and twenty-seventh to the one hundred and fifty-second were addressed to the so called "dark lady," who is the famous May Fitton, as some critics claim. A recent writer, Mr. Brown, has attempted to prove that all of these sonnets, with few exceptions, are to be taken as a continuous poem or poems. He calls them Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems. It is hard to believe that this is true, because some of the sonnets are entirely different from others. Sometimes the poet wrote in an assumed character, sometimes in a natural one. Therefore, if Shakespeare had any unity in his mind when he wrote these sonnets, its plan and purpose is hard to discover.

There are so many different opinions in regard to Shakespeare's sonnets that in reading them it would be much better

for us to consider them most especially for their exquisite beauty. It is true that a few are trifling enough, but most of them are filled with mellowed sweetness of both rhythm and meter. We find many metaphors scattered through them. They are remarkable for their subtle thought and exquisite expressions. There are some whose music touches our heart and whose beauty will haunt us long afterwards like the remembrance of an old German melody. Some of Shakespeare's finest and most read sonnets are the nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-third, seventy-third, one hundred and sixth and the one hundred and sixteenth. These are filled with well selected adjectives, and the rhythm and meter are so perfect that we become enchanted while reading them.

In the first group of Shakespeare's sonnets there are eighty which can be said, with almost certainty, to have been addressed to a man. We are assured of this by the masculine pronoun or some other equivalent sign which was used. There are also many in the first group which were not addressed to any one. There are some which were addressed to abstractions such as Time, Death, and Benefit of ill. A few among this first group are dedicated to a woman, and the last is only a poem of twelve lines. All critics seem to agree that twenty of Shakespeare's sonnets, at least, are addressed to his patron, and it is universally believed that this man was the Earl of Southampton. We find that Shakespeare himself says he has no patron but one, this being the Earl of Southampton, the patron of his narrative poem. This is also the only patron of Shakespeare known to biographical research. From sonnet one to seventeen, Shakespeare appeals to the young man to marry so that youth and beauty may survive in children. In many of these sonnets he shows his devotion to the Earl of Southampton, who was then a young man of about twenty-four years. Shakespeare refers to Southampton as being a youth of high rank as well as personal beauty and accomplishment. He also refers to him as being superior to him in literary abilities and as the better part of him, etc. We find that many of Shakespeare's sonnets, besides these

twenty, were addressed to a man of youth and rank, and it is commonly believed they were also addressed to the Earl of Southampton. Among these sonnets are those of Friendship. In the latter, he assures his devoted friend that he can never grow old because of his beauty, that absence from him is misery, and that his affection for him is beyond utterance.

Beginning with sonnet forty-three and going through fifty-two, we have interesting glimpses of Shakespeare traveling, probably with his company. Many of Shakespeare's sonnets in this first group give us an insight into his life and character. By the use of such phrases as the following: "Youth and beauty are fleeting," "Life's golden summer must give place to hideous winter," we find that he is overcome with melancholy. From others of his sonnets, we see that his profession as a player is disagreeable to him, that he despairs of the corruption of the age, reproaches himself with lustful sin, and foretells his coming death.

The second group of Shakespeare's sonnets from one hundred and twenty-six to one hundred and fifty-two are addressed to the dark lady. He describes her as having a dark complexion, dark hair, and dark eyes. He also expresses his preference for such. He praises her for not trying to change her complexion and hair as other women of the time do. In twelve of these sonnets, he denounces this dark lady because she pays no attention to his love. He refers to her as, "faithless," "unworthy," "false to the bonds of love," "full of foul faults," "dark as night," and so on. Some critics claim that this dark lady was Mary Fitton, a frail maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth. She was a born musician, and was capable of holding a person spellbound by the beautiful music which she played. Shakespeare was especially fond of music, and perhaps this is the reason why he fell in love with the dark lady. Nevertheless, we are assured that he did love her. In sonnet one hundred and thirty-one, he says he can disregard even the blackness of her sins, so great is his love for her. Again in sonnet one hundred and fifty, he says though abhorred by others she was not by him. From Shakespeare's

sonnets, we find the dark lady disregarded his love, and it has been suggested by some that she married the Earl of Pembroke. Critics say that she inspired Shakespeare with passion which he was never able to shake off, and that she had a lasting influence upon him. Mr. Harris has written a volume stating that Mary Fitton wielded a great power over Shakespeare's heart and turned him from a light hearted writer of comedies and histories into an author of the greatest tragedies ever known. Other critics claim that Shakespeare never knew Mary Fitton, and that this character in Shakespeare's sonnets is only a person of fancy. Furthermore, the portrait of Mary Fitton shows her to have fair complexion, light hair and blue eyes.

In the publication of Shakespeare's sonnets by Thomas Thorpe, we find they are dedicated to W. H. This W. H. is supposed by some critics to be the Earl of Pembroke, who in his childhood was called William Herbert. Great thinkers have attempted to prove that the first group of Shakespeare's sonnets are written in accordance with the Earl of Pembroke's life. From sonnet one to seventeen, the poet urges a youth to marry. At this time, the Earl of Pembroke was only eighteen, and he was thinking of marrying. Many think that the Countess of Pembroke had some influence over Shakespeare in these first seventeen sonnets. She was anxious for her son to marry and consequently suggested to Shakespeare the writing of these sonnets. It is known that in the year 1599 the Earl of Pembroke was at court, and it is about this time that sonnets ninety to ninety-six were written, as some claim. In these sonnets, the poet complains that his friend's affection has diminished and his love grown cold. During this year, it is probable that the Earl of Pembroke was at court and thus could not be with Shakespeare. Sonnet ninety-six with its mention of "high birth" and "wealth," "hounds," "hawks" and "horse," and "garments new-fangled ill," seems in accordance with the Earl of Pembroke's courtly associations and employ. In sonnet ninety-three, Shakespeare compares him to "Eve's apple," and in ninety-five and ninety-six,

he speaks of rumors unfavorable to his character. We may compare these sonnets with Whythe's statement, in which he says the Earl of Pembroke needs advice badly. On the contrary, many critics say that Shakespeare never knew the Earl of Pembroke. Many works written by other authors of this period were dedicated to W. H., and some people think that this proves the works were dedicated by the publishers and not by the authors. However, nothing positive is known, and much of this is conjecture.

There is some belief that Shakespeare wrote his sonnets just because other great men of his time were writing them. Some say they contain no personal emotion or feeling. However, in forming our opinion of the poet, whatever we may learn from his sonnets does not contradict and does not largely affect the impression made by the poetry of the plays.

—LAURA B. PEGRAM, '17.

Away with him—away with him! he speaks Latin.

—*Henry VI.*

How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
When the moon shone we did not see the candle.
So doth the greater glory dim the less.

—*Measure for Measure*

Loathsome canker dwells in sweetest bud.

—*Sonnet 35*

I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad.

—*As You Like It*

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder, whereto upward turns his face.

—*Julius Caesar*

He that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.

—*As You Like It*

The Globe Theatre of Shakespeare's Time

ILLIAM Shakespeare's new play, "Henry IV," was to be shown at the Globe Theatre the last day of my stay in London, before I went back to my home in Worcestershire, so I thought I would go, as it was perhaps my last chance, for a good while, to see a Shakespearean play. I went and spent altogether an enjoyable evening. As everybody is acquainted with the plot of "Henry IV," I will devote my time to the description of the interior of the Globe Theatre, which was the chief theatre of that time.

The stage was a square platform, jutting out into a circular area, around which there were balconies, which, contrary to later customs, were occupied by the nobility. Men and women sat on silk cushions, puffing at pipes of tobacco, which had been lately introduced from America. The ladies wore small black half-masks, which covered the upper half of their faces. While waiting for the beginning of the first act, I observed these things at close range. The extravagances of these slaves to fashion so disgusted me that I turned my gaze to the area before the stage.

Here was, indeed, a different scene. This circular area, called the "pit," was occupied by the poorer class. Seats were not provided for them, so they had to stand and crane their necks to look over the shoulders of others taller than they. They cast wondering, envious glances at the frivolous, gaudily-dressed rich, who were luxuriously reposing on soft cushions, while they were forced to stand. Their eyes would brighten momentarily at these outer appearances of the rich, who seemed entirely care-free; then they would turn away with dark and heavy gloom depicted upon their countenances, doubtless over the fact that they must hopelessly struggle on in their obscurity, with not even a hope of ever living in such splendor. Then I was aroused from my reflections by the herald announcing the first act, and I gave up the puzzling problems of human nature and turned to enjoy to the fullest extent the latest Shakespearean production.

OWEN S. LIVSIE, '17.

Shakespeare at the Mermaid

E were all gathered at the Mermaid; Master Will, Honest Ben, the young Earl of Southampton, Bacon, and a host of others besides this good soul. Thou needst not have a doubt, but the old Mermaid was a jolly place that night. The wine cup was running a mad race with its contents and Master Will's twinkling eyes—which I do love to watch an he be not angry—were nigh shut from my sight by the blue smoke which rose from the pipes in clouds and, anon, in small puffs.

A jolly place, say I, and thou—if thou art of the right stuff—wouldst agree. Mine ears were buzzing with the talk around me, but I managed to hear one fellow shouting above the clamor.

'I'll wager Master Will, an thou wilt, thou canst not bring hither the night cap from the Lord Mayor's head without waking him.'

'Marry, man, but that's a good wager. I'll take thee up on't,' I heard Master Will reply, his eyes dancing with mischief.

'And I'll accompany thee,' cried that young brat Southampton, 'aye, I would go with thee to catch the Devil himself an thou wouldst not have me in the jerk.'

'And *I'll* go,' I cried, 'to keep the Devil from you both.'

'Come then, thou fat waddler,' Master Will laughed, grabbing my arm and dragging me out midst the roars of those who loved the wine better than a prank.

Anon we came to the abode of my Lord Mayor, a small house in which he awaited with diverse grumblings the completion of his new mansion. I say, anon we came to the house—my brain was ever given to wandering and my tongue to wagging, so I pray you, gentle reader, have patience for a little.

Now a tree grew under my My Lord's window, in girth somewhat like to me; and Master Will without any ado did go up that tree and into My Lord's window with a quickness which did make my head swim.

And then he did come out again with the cap over his head, and turning a deaf ear to our gesticulations, hustled us all back to the Mermaid, where with all of us around him he did give us the object of his venture. Will hath it that My Lord had the itch, and in scratching it the cap fell off his pate and was quickly snatched by him. 'Sblood, methinks 'twas smacking of a knave.

ORLANDO B. HINTON, '17.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.

—*Merchant of Venice*

Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

—*Othello*

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man doth think he is a fool.

—*As You Like It*

Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

—*Measure For Measure*

Romeo and Juliet (Revised)

HE two high mucky-mucks of high society in Verona, a Wop village about the time Christopher Columbus was breaking his first teeth on a cast-iron rattle, were the Capulets and the Montagues. Between these two families there was an old hereditary grudge that had been handed down from generation to generation, and which showed no signs of abatement at the time of the following tale.

A masked ball was given by old Lord Capulet, and special pains were taken to see that no Montague names were on the invitation list. However, Romeo, a king bee of the Montagues, desiring of a little excitement, slipped in incognito thru the coal chute and was soon mingling with the rest of the crowd as if the ball were given in his honor. Suddenly his eyes were attracted by the dazzling beauty of a swell Jane who outshone the rest of the bunch as a 50-Watt mazda incandescent electric bulb does a one cent candle. While he was lost in admiration, he was aroused from his pensive meditations by one of the offsprings of the Capulet family, and Romeo came within an ace of having his topnot knocked from the rest of his anatomy right then and there for trespassing on forbidden ground. Fortunately he was saved from mastication by the timely intervention of old Lord Capulet himself, who did not wish to put upon the chamberlain the extra work of cleaning up the bloodstains from the polished hardwood floor of the ballroom. Old Capulet told his nephew that if there was any fighting to be done, to step outside and he would referee the bout in person; but Romeo, whose motto was "*Salus Primus*," thought it best to remain where he was until an opportunity of making a hasty exit should be presented.

Freed from all hostile entanglements, Romeo hastened to secure a date with the swell chicken. She gave him the once-

over, but, unabashed at the frosty mitten handed him, he continued his attentions.

"Hello, fair one," he said with much spirit, before she had a chance to give him the cold shoulder again, "whither away?"

"Now you stop," she coquettishly replied.

"How cruel," murmured he in doleful tones. "Let me kiss your dainty little hand in atonement for my rash indiscretion."

His action was suited to his words, and soon both were in the stage of conversing in goo-goo talk when Mrs. Capulet called her daughter away to help the maid in looking up her dress. Then Romeo realized that he had pledged his heart and bank account to a member of his family's deadliest enemies, but he only muttered, "I should worry," and with a shrug of his shoulders hung around until midnight, when the orgy broke up.

Desirous of seeking his Juliet once more, he scaled the garden wall and posted himself under a balcony window. Juliet, unconscious that he was anywhere within the vicinity, with the debutante slouch wandered languidly out upon that balcony and began soliloquizing in audible tones about her latest love. Romeo drank in her words like a professional booze artist gulping down Manhattan cocktails, until he could stand the strain no longer of keeping his face closed; whereupon he spoke up.

"O how I wish that I were a powder puff that I could be pressed against thy dainty cheeks!" he fervently exclaimed.

"How you frightened me!" she cried in alarm. "But you must beat it immediately if not sooner, my sweet apple-dumplings, or you will be filled so full of buckshot that you will resemble a sheet of player-piano music."

"Never fear, little sugar pie," he replied proudly, twiddling his fingers in the armholes of his vest. *I* am bullet-proof."

"Aw, cut the comedy," Juliet said with a curl of her dainty lips.

"That's straight goods," he flared back. "How was I to know that old man Capulet wasn't hanging around with a repeating shotgun to pepper me anyway?"

"Fat chance," she said, "he hit the hay with the chickens. But, to change the subject, how did you ever find your way here? Who put you wise?"

Romeo straightened up, shot his cuffs, and stuck out his chest.

"Me for the little discoverer! What it took to get me here, I've got it. A little ninety-horse power Stutz racer with Cupid on the gas tank brought me. If that isn't enough to take a man to Kalamazoo and back again, then my name ain't Romeo!"

At the mention of "Dan," carrier of the murderous law, Juliet blushed furiously, and her action would have remained unnoticed had not Romeo, at that time, lighted his Piedmont, and the light from that gave her away. He paused with the lighted cigarette half-way to his lips, and the same rapid circulation that had made the blood rush to her face caused him to open both his heart and his mouth to her anew. He was spieling off a lot of dope about her being some sweet dame and himself always having a love for her deep down in his heart, when she broke in by telling him to can the soft stuff, that he was enough to make any Jane leave home and mother, and that she'd be thrilled to a peanut to fly with him any time he brought the racer around. Romeo, in the seventh heaven of delight, caught her in his arms, and they exchanged mutual osculations.

They were forced to part company for diverse and sundry reasons; first, because Juliet just *had* to have her beauty sleep; second, because at any moment a Capulet might stumble upon the scene and take a pot-shot at Romeo; third, because old Sol was rising in all his splendor; fourth, because they could hear the rattle of the milk bottles as the milkman, came up the back driveway; and the other reasons don't count.

The next day they were united in the holy bonds of

matrimony by the Justice of the Peace, and indulged in a couple of Charlie Chaplin sundaes to celebrate the wedding. No honeymoon was spent, as neither wished to incur the displeasure of his or her, parents by having it known that he, or she, had married a person that his, or her, family had no more use for than a rattlesnake.

Now this same young hot-head that had wished to pulverize Romeo at the masked ball provoked a scrap with a friend of Romeo's and shot a hole in him large enough to drive a pair of pachyderms thru. Romeo arrived in time to see his friend expire, and the victor, maddened with victory and lusting for more human blood, turned to clean him up too. But Romeo got the drop on him, and the corpse looked like a Swiss cheese when he finished with it.

The cops butted in and hauled Romeo and the others hanging around to headquarters in the Black Maria. Mr. and Mrs. Montague came to bail their son out, and Mr. and Mrs. Capulet came to press the charge against Romeo. Both sides were arguing, expostulating, and gesticulating to the judge, as only Dagoes can, and the upshot of the whole matter was that the judge ordered Romeo to make himself scarce in Verona before next daybreak. If he should be found in that burg after that date, he could be shot down without mercy or compassion.

Juliet, hearing of the shooting affray and its outcome, gave way to rage at her cousin's croaking, and grief at her husband's banishment; at first she called him a cheap crook, a double-crosser, a backslider, a lowbrow and bum, a roughneck, a wolf in sheep's clothing, and several other similar endearing epithets. But then her love for him got the best of her rage and she took back all that she had called him and reproached herself for describing him in such unmaidenly words.

Romeo was also cut up by the judges' decision, because he could never see his Juliet any more, and he begged the judge to change it to the electric chair or life imprisonment, as

he no longer wished to live without her. But the judge stood pat, and his decision went. Romeo, in despair, tore out his hair by fistfuls and gnashed his teeth furiously, but was finally calmed down by the minister of his church, an old stand-by of his, who was always overflowing with advice and consolations. He persuaded Romeo to see Juliet once more, give her a final "au revoir," and then beat it from town. Also he informed him that, after Romeo's departure, he would put the public wise to his being hitched to Juliet, and that this would perhaps mitigate the enmity between the Capulets and Montagues, and in all probability secure a rebate for Romeo to return to town in honor and glory.

The prelate's counsels were duly followed by the much dispirited Romeo, and he spent all night telling Juliet goodbye. In the morning he left for parts unknown, carrying a broken heart and only one suitcase, and leaving another heart behind him in the same condition.

* * * * * * * *

But while these matters were going on, Mr. Capulet, who had had his eye peeled for a suitable match for his daughter Juliet selected a swell-headed young dude—with a more swelled bank account—to have her as a spouse. Then she was in a pretty pickle. The ingredients for the wedding feast were ordered, the best man selectd, and even the groom had hired a swallow-tailed clawhammer and a celluloid shirt front with chap imitation diamond studs for the occasion, but Juliet balked inwardly, as she was not desirous of being jailed for bigamy. However, the minister again came to the rescue and promised to give her a bottle of knock-out drops which, if taken just before the marriage ceremony, would put her to sleep for forty-eight hours just as if she had intercepted one of Jess Willard's right uppercuts with her dainty chin.

She therefore accepted the suitor with a great outward

show of delicious ecstasy, and no one even suspected that she had anything up her sleeve. The choir was loudly singing the strains of "Here Comes the Bride," when the bride herself was discovered in a state of suspended animation. The tune was then turned to the "Dead Man's March," and the audience witnessed a funeral instead. Juliet's remains were subsequently laid to rest in the old family corpse pantry, and the minister would then resuscitate her, after the groom had gone back home discouraged, and then pass her on to Romeo. Thus she would not be bothered with the inconvenience of being tied up with a numbskull and becoming balled up in a divorce suit.

While Romeo, in his enforced exile, was spending the night at an all-night cabaret, a messenger boy arrived, breathless, with a telegram about Juliet's death. Another, equally breathless, followed upon his heels and came from the minister, saying that it was all a put up job, and that she would be returned to him as alive as ever in another day, but Romeo, after hastily perusing the first telegram, beat it from the cabaret and was on his way back to Verona before the second special delivery boy had time to slip in a word edgewise. On the way, he paused in his mad flight long enough to secure some arsenic at a drug store (for his own use), as he wished to see his Juliet's remains and then join her in the regions of the dead. He hit town at eighty miles per hour, but the two rear tires of his racer had blow-outs, and he was forced to forsake his speed wagon and hoof it on foot. He secured a crowbar at a junk shop and was attacking the door of the vault when the almost-was-a-husband came up and, recognizing Romeo, threatened to squeal to the cops that he was back in town against the orders of the court. They mixed it together, but the poor groom-to-be was tapped athwart the bean with the crowbar and consequently kicked the bucket.

Laying the corps aside, Romeo began to concentrate on the door again and finally succeeded in demolishing it completely. He rushed thru the space that the door once occu-

pied, but was staggered and appalled at the sight before him, which made him feel like a two cent piece lost in a coal cellar. He frantically clutched his collar and exclaimed, "This is too much! I expected more!"

Juliet, robed in spotless white shroud, lay before him in blissful ignorance of her loving husband's agony, while on the other side reposed the bloody corpse of the one that Romeo had filled full of holes. This was more than too much for poor Romeo, so printing a last farewell kiss upon his baby doll's lips and thereby ruining the crease in his newly pressed trousers, he comfortably enconced himself by her side and swallowed the contents of the bottle of arsenic, producing a none too pleasant feeling in his gastric regions. Needless to say, he was soon in a state, not of suspended animation, but of terminated animation.

The minister arrived at this juncture and was horrified at the sight of Romeo lying dead, but he went about his business of reviving the unconscious Juliet. Soon she came from her trance, and the minister assisted her in arising.

She made a dive for her vanity bag, and had the chamois halfway to her pallid countenance before she espied the lifeless Romeo.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" she exclaimed, and espying a soft spot nearby on the ground immediately pulled a faint.

The sky-pilot grabbed a palmleaf fan and after many wild gesticulations with it, finally succeeded in reviving the fainting girl. She came to and blinked her eyes, as if wondering where and why she was there.

"Hand me straight stuff," she asked in a trembling voice, "Is he really croaked?"

"Sure thing. But don't take it to heart so There are plenty more like him left," replied the prelate, in a consoling tone. Whereupon Juliet took from her dress a small bottle labeled "Rat Poison" and placing it to her lips, drained the contents. It was at this moment that a cop came up, and seeing four corpses lying around loose, and

the prelate, arrested the latter as a suspicious character, clapped a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists, and sent in a hurry call for the Black Maria; as the result of which, a large mob collected to see what they could see.

Mr. Capulet, awakened from peaceful slumber by the noise of the crowd, came out on the porch to try to ascertain the cause of all the rumpus. When he heard the newsies crying at the top of their voices, "Extra! Extra! Triple tragedy at the Capulet private cemetery! Preacher arrested on suspicion! Extra! Extra!," he hastily secured a paper, but it contained no valuable information. So he hurried back into his house, dressed quickly, and rang for his limousine. By means of this, he reached the scene of the tragedy, and found Mr. Montague before him, lamenting over his son.

The third degree was resorted to in the case of the sky-pilot, and he gave his version of the happenings, and also disclosed facts about Romeo and Juliet that had hitherto been unknown to their respective parents. Then one of the Capulet family called old Montague and Capulet down and bawled them out for their continuous squabbling..

He wound up his scathing remarks by saying that as long as their children had both kicked the bucket, it was about time that they should quit chewing the rag about nothing, cease all hostilities, and make up. After much hemming and hawing, Mr. Capulet grabbed Montague's paw and called him a good old scout. The latter, who never let anyone put anything over on him if he could help it, shook with old Capulet and agreed to bury the hatchet forevermore. They then shook on it again and called it square.

Thus endeth the sad and doleful tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

(Passed by the National Board of Censors.)

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Published six times during the school year, at regular intervals, by the pupils of the Petersburg High School.

Subscription price: 50c. per session; 10c. the single copy.

Address all communications to Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Va.

Entered as second-class matter at postoffice, Petersburg, Va.

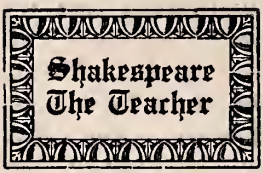
TO ALL HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS Shakepeare is great; but to few is he comprehensible. It is widely told that an English course will not have failed in its purpose if the student can learn to appreciate no other writer than Shakespeare; but no material effort has been made to accomplish this. Now, the fact is that instead of this immortal bard remain-

ing a source of pleasure and enjoyable study he is fast becoming a mere figurative allusion—an ornamental fad. Counteracting this tendency, however, is the widespread enthusiasm in the tercentenary. A most significant example of these upheavals is the unprecedented revival of Shakespearean interest in schools and colleges. Even P. H. S. is trying to contribute her part. But we are prone to disregard the philosphical Shakespeare—the nobler and more inspiring; and we have come to blend our appreciation with the cold materialism of the twentieth century.

To his universal appeal we attribute the immortality of his fame. He was the first writer to understand that the inherent traits of man of one generation are those of all times; the first to whom "all the world's a stage." Hence, he is the master of life, *real* life,—the judge of human nature. He discerned the virtues and weaknesses of the Court and the proletariat, the soldier, the politician, student, and priest. With inimitable dramatic technique and rhetorical grace, he reflects the passions of life, psychological and emotional, of comedy and tragedy. He felt and could picture the pangs of love, jealousy, ambition, and hatred. He is at once the critic and historian of diplomacy—social and commercial, domestic and national. He is the maker of men and women with beating hearts and human souls!

The high school student,—in fact, the vast majority—is not concerned with Shakespeare's life. If we are not possessed in the ecstasy of these reflections we attempt to conceive of Shakespeare the man—how a commonplace Englishman attained the heights of the sublime through the spontaneity of his personal genius. Dismayed by the endless and monotonous debate regarding the authenticity of his plays and the paucity of facts of his life, we diligently explore the treasures bequeathed us in the hope of finding a glimpse of his personal character. In vain! Adhering to the theory of Burns he must have been greater than any of his creations. We have come to believe, however, in deference to the farcical "judge" who decided that Bacon wrote

the plays, that it is Shakespeare the poet and not the man by whom we are inspired—Shakespeare, the supreme master of the pen. And it is pleasant to conclude that, while all the world's afire, at least one element of our modern civilizaiton has for the moment turned its eyes from the throes of destruction to revive a higher and nobler art of civilization than war—to express its gratitude to a man who has striven to beautify and enlighten life rather than murder and ruin!



As we are nearing the end of the school term (and to many of us it means the end of our school days) the thought occurred that it might not be amiss to recall to our minds the timely precepts which Skakespeare puts into the mouth of Polonius when he is sending his son away on the voyage of life. If we all would only adopt these few lines as our motto and strive to live up to the sentiments expressed therein, what tremendous forces for good in the world we might become :

"There; my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory,
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar,
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade.
Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
Neither a borrower nor a lender he;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

School Notes

An interesting letter was received a few days ago by Mr. Wolff from a former P. H. S. student, Miss Kathryn Hinton. She is now attending school in Panama with the expectation of graduating this year. We are always glad to hear of the success of our schoolmates.

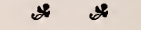
We enjoyed having with the past month the Rev. C. Braxton Bryan, of Grace Episcopal Church, and Rev. Chas. F. Meyers, of Charleston, W. Va., who gave us interesting as well as helpful talks.

School spirit was well displayed when a subscription to The Missile was sent in by Robert Arroyo, who is now making his home in Porto Rico. Mr. Arroyo was a former student of the 2 B Class, and it is regretted that he had to leave the city on account of ill health.

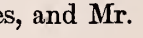
We have been fortunate for the past twelve years in having for our janitor Mr. Richard Eanes. Owing to his failing health his resignation has recently been accepted. "Uncle Dick," as he was fondly called by the pupils, performed his

many duties with untiring energy. His bright, unselfish disposition and his kindness to every one are inspiring examples to others, and they won him many friends. We all hope for his speedy recovery.

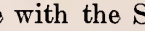
We are glad to announce that we shall have the honor of hearing Dr. Charles W. Kent of the University of Virginia who will deliver the address of the evening at the commencement exercises on June 8. Dr. Kent is a highly entertaining speaker and among the foremost of contemporary Virginia scholars.



The Independent magazine recently offered a gold medal to the student submitting the best essay on a Shakespeare subject. Sixteen members of the IV A English class entered and the essay of Miss Laura Pegram was unanimously considered the best by the judges. These were Miss Hobbs, Mrs. Jones, and Mr. H. A. Miller.



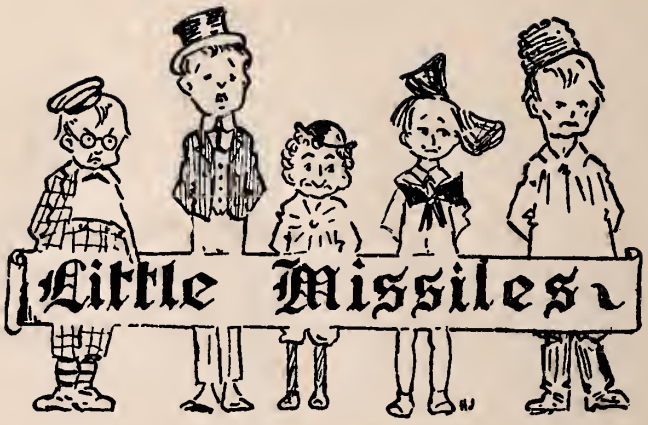
At the D. M. Brown School on the evening of April 11, a most interesting debate was held between the teams of John Marshall High School of Richmond and Petersburg High School on the subject: Resolved, That the Federal government should co-operate with the States in the construction of post roads and rural delivery routes. Miss Arline Eubank and Mr. Ellsworth Wilshire represented the visiting team with the affirmative side, and Messrs. Hovey Sheffield and Meyer Lavenstein (P. H. S.) with the negative. No decision, however, was rendered, but the criticism given by Mr. A. K. Davis, of the Southern Female College, was a source of pleasure and profit to all attending.



For the first time since the organization of the Virginia High School Literary and Athletic League, P. H. S. was rep-

resented in the annual contests held at the University on April 21 and 22, where our debating team and girl reader were matched against the other leading high schools of the State.

Accompanied by Miss Ethel Pilcher, of the faculty, our representatives were entertained at the University, and although not victorious made an excellent showing. Miss Anna Hobson, our reader, triumphed over the readers of West Point and Highland Springs, only to lose in the semi-final contest. The debating team, composed of Mr. Meyer Lavenstein and Miss Ruth Ellis—the latter having only twenty-four hours to prepare—was among the ten schools to remain in the contest after the preliminary debates. P. H. S. was later defeated by John Marshall by the judges' vote of two to one. In the final debate, the cup was won by our esteemed neighbor, John Marshall.



SHAKESPEARETTES.

"To err is human,"—IV B. Class.

"Love is blind,"—W. Rideout.

"Play's the thing,"—H. Townes.

"I am no orator as Brutus is,"—E. Traylor.

"Give every man thy ear,"—W. Kidd.

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all,"—C. Lyons, W. Meacham, T. Pace.

"To be or not to be"—a new high school.

* * *

Wanted.—Three detectives to keep the boys from playing hookey—now that spring is here.

* * *

Mr. Miller (III A Eng.): "Define 'Definition.'"

* * *

Mr. Jackson (In III B Latin): "I will rush into arms and die."

* * *

Wanted for Mr. Ribble of III B, a permnent cure for laziness.

* * *

Mr. Scott (In IV B Arithmetic): "How many days are there in a year?"

Miss A.: "Three hundred and twenty-five. The other forty are Lent."

The IV B Class is very anxious to know the cause of Miss Robertson's profound interest in Hopewell's most famous author (Arthur).

* * *

Mr. T. (III B Latin): "What does 'indices' come from?"

Mr. P.: In-do-cus."

Mr. T.: "No, I don't, but I feel like it sometimes."

* * *

The IV B's congratulate their honorable President on his imitation of both Caruso and a chocolate drop.

* * *

Wanted—To know if any one has ever seen "Dames" Bowman studying at recess and looking nervous. If you ever do, you know she has just stolen a pickle. "There's the symptoms."

* * *

Wanted—To know why "Bully" Moorman wishes the spring styles to be "Derbys."

* * *

Just at present our friend, "Flossie" Couch, is sticking pretty close to *the* Wall.

* * *

Wanted—To know who in Sam Hill is the gink from City Point who sends billet-doux to the Vice-President of the June class. We'll find out even if we have to go all the way to Dallas. (?).

* * *

Wanted—The students of old P. H. S. to know if they haven't already preceived the fact that "Fatty" Marks has lost twenty pounds!!

* * *

LATEST UTTERANCES.

Mr. Wolf: "There was a pin lost with Mary on it."

Miss Segar: "I was shot on the head with a crap-shooter."

Mr. Seay in II B Biology: "Here's where the teeth decay, right back here near the gums." (Scratching his head just back of his ear.)

* * *

Mr. Lavenstein (In mock trial): "According to the laws of logic there must have been a banana in this banana peeling."

Mr. Meakin (for defendant): "You didn't think it contained a pickle, did you?"

* * *

Wanted—To know why Mr. Mosby doesn't get a mail-carrier to deliver his notes to Miss Short.

* * *

It is with much enthusiasm that convict socks and blazer ties are greeted. In fact they have almost put automobile horns out of commission.

* * *

The III B English class wishes to remind Mr. Miller that "poets are born and not made."

* * *

Friend: "What are you keeping Lent on?"
Other friend: "Measles."

* * *

The III B's have on exhibition at all times of the day a rare animal, known as the "Missing Link." He answers to the name of "Livsie."

* * *

Spring is here, and winter has gone;
So have Mr. Jackson's short trousers.

* * *

Mr. Scott (In III A Algebra): "What is 1—4?"
Class: "3."
Mr. Scott: "That's good."

* * *

Mr. Thompson (III B Latin): "You girls may now have the 'privilege' of talking to me."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE—DE LUXE.

Rosalind—Miss Segar.
Viola—Miss Rives.
Hotspur—Mr. Hough.
Falstaff—Mr. Martin.
Macbeth—Mr. Wolff.
Hamlet—Mr. Scott.
Ophelia—Miss Beard.
Romeo—Mr. Thompson.
Alas! Juliet is missing!
(But we have hopes of Miss Robertson filling that position).

* * *

'S'blood! Hast heard of the latest secret machinations? Shrouded in deep mystery, the Kis Popy Club is plotting in their hidden rendezvous. Hast heard of the "Seven Darlings"? Yea, verily, these have been exposed. Pauline Bowman, Florence Couch, Mary Mann, Spooner Dunn, Kitty Rowe, Helen Townes, Ellen Moorman.

* * *

Pupil of 7B reading: "David Livingstone was born in Scotland at the age of 10."

* * *

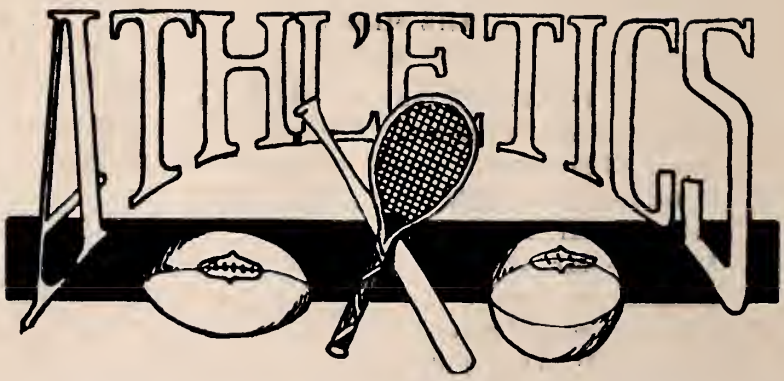
"Have you read *Romeo and Juliet?*"
"Almost. I've just finished *Romeo*, and now I've started on *Juliet.*"

* * *

Miss Rives (II B Latin): Who is that humming in this room?"
Mr. Williams raised his hand.
Miss Rives: "Come to me this evening and we will have a duet."

* * *

Teacher: "Which work of Shakespeare do you like the best?"
I A Student: "Much to do for nothing."



The baseball team is playing some very good games, and prospects look bright as far as winning goes. After athletics being at such a low ebb as they have been for several years, it is indeed very agreeable to have a ball team that truly expects to win, and that makes a strong bid for every game. The team has played four games, winning two and losing two. These two games were lost by hard luck and bad breaks at critical times. Some good games are expected in the future, but the team must be supported, and this support the High School now is sorely failing to give. Therefore, let us every one make an effort and do our part.

G. C. H. S. 6—P. H. S. 3.

Although defeated on April 1 by the Greensville County High School of Emporia, the Petersburg High School ball team made a splendid showing for the first game, and would have won had it not been for errors at critical stages.

	R.	H.	E.
Petersburg	3	13	5
Emporia	6	10	1

Batteries—For Petersburg—Chandler, Reagan, and Williams. For Emporia—Reid and Tillar.

P. H. S. 11—W. H. S. 2.

On April 11 our ball team defeated Waverly by a 11 to 2 score . This surely was a decisive victory, and a lot of credit

is due to the pitching of Nugent. Williams, Partin, and Tench did some very heavy hitting and helped pile up the score.

	R.	H.	E.
Petersburg	11	12	6
Waverly	2	5	6

Batteries—For Petersburg—Nugent and Williams. For Waverly—Harris and Harrison.

P. H. S. 10—C. H. S. 9.

In Chester on April 14, Petersburg High School defeated Chester High School by a score of 10 to 9. It was one of those games with a hair's breadth ending. Chester scored six runs in the ninth inning. Coach Thompson sent J. Chandler to the box and he easily retired the side, saving the game, Partin, Nugent, Reagan, Moran, and Williams did some heavy stick work.

	R.	H.	E.
Petersburg	10	12	6
Chester	9	7	7

Batteries—For Petersburg—Nugent, Chandler, and Williams. For Chester—A. Bowles and Goodwyn.

P. H. S. 4—B. H. S. 7.

On April 18, Blackstone High School defeated the local team by the score of 7 to 4. The game was very interesting up to the seventh inning, when Blackstone started rallying. In the eight, with one man out and three on bases, a ball was hit between center and right field. It looked good for a safe hit, but Cobb, Blackstone's centerfielder, made a spectacular one-hand catch and threw to second for a double play. This star catch killed Petersburg's chances. There were errors galore on both teams, neither playing their usual game.

	R.	H.	E.
Petersburg	4	5	10
Blackstone	7	13	7

Batteries—For Petersburg—Chandler, Nugent, and Williams. For Blackstone—L. Cobb and Robertson.

FIELD MEET—APRIL 15.

Saturday morning, April 15, at the Fair Grounds the annual inter-class field meet of the Petersburg High School was held. The meet was very interesting and many former records were broken. Sophomores won with 32 points; the Seniors were second with 23 points; the Freshmen were third with 20 points; and the Juniors were last. Burge was the individual winner, having scored 25 points.

The following is a list of of the events in correct order, winners, previous record, and new records:

1. 50 Yard Dash—Rees, Burge, Heath.
   Record, 6 seconds.
   Time, 5 1-5.

2. 100 Yard Dash—Rees, Heath, Burge.
   Record, 11 2-5 seconds.
   Time, 11 seconds.

3 Broad Jump—Burge, Mosby, Heath.
   Record, 16 feet, 7 inches.
   Distance, 19 feet, 7 inches.

4 220 Yard Dash—Rees, Heath, Rahily.
   Record, 27 1-5 seconds.
   Time, 24 1-5 seconds.

5, High Jump—Mosby, Burge, Andrews.
   Record, 5 feet.
   Height, 5 feet, 1 inch.

6, 440 Yard Dash—Rees, Burge, Mosby.
   Record, 62 seconds.
   Time, 66 seconds.

7. Shot Put—Hall, Burge, Mosby.
   Record, 36 feet, 11 inches.
   Distance, 35 feet, 9 inches.

8, 880 Yard Dash—Rahily, Chandler, Heath.
Record, 2 minutes, 43 second seconds.
Time, 2 minutes, 22 seconds.

9. Pole Vault—Burge, Walthall, Mosby.
Record, 9 feet, 6 inches.
Height, 8 feet.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL NOTES.

The first game of the season was played at Highland Springs. It was played mostly at the opposing end, and the guards had to hustle to get the ball. The Highland Springs centers were much larger than ours, and on the whole the entire team was heavier than that of P. H. S. Our girls put up a hard fight although they were beaten.

The line up was as follows:

Forwards—H. Lanier, R. Young, I. Tucker.
Guards—M. D. Dowman, T. Bryan, N. Purdy.
Centers—M. Young, L. Stratton, S. Purdy.

We next went to Chester, one of our oldest foes, to play the "rubber" off. Our girls made a number of fouls at the beginning of the game, which gave them the lead, but they had to do some strong fighting to make the field goals. The Chester girls were much taller than the P. H. S. girls, and that was an important advantage for them. Again, in spite of our vigorous defense, we were swept down to defeat.

The last game of the regular schedule was played with Highland Springs on our own court. This was one of the most interesting games of the year, and if the P. H. S. girls had had more time, it is very probable that they would have won. However, at the present we feel that P. H. S. will make a better showing in the next game, and there is every reason to believe that we shall stem the tide of defeat.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears.'

The engagement of Miss Clara Jackson, '14, and Mr. Herbert Gilliam has been announced. The wedding is to be in June.

Messrs. Harvey Booth, Kevan Booth, and Robert Butcher, who are attending the University of Virginia, were home for a few days this month. Robert Butcher and Harvey Booth both are members of the glee club. Mr. Butcher has been doing excellent work this year. We wish him more good luck.

Miss Lilian Westmoreland, who was a member of our student body during the first term, was married this month to Mr. Palmer.

Miss Constance Kent, ex-17, recently spent a week end in the city. Miss Kent is much pleased with St. Mary's School, which she is attending this year.

* * *

Our honor graduate of last year, Miss Lena Donnan, has a position in the office of Seward's Trunk and Bag Co.

Mr. Wade Temple, a graduate of the February class, is now working at the Virginia National Bank.

* * *

We were very glad to have Miss Elizabeth Drewry home for a few days this month. This is Miss Drewry's second year at Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

* * *

Miss Virginia Ridenour, of the class of '14, is doing splendid work at Harrisonburg Normal, where she graduates in June. We are always proud of the fine records made by our old P. H S. students.

"*The Stuyvesant*," Stuyvesant H. S., Va.—We think your magazine might be improved in regard to the joke section. It would be better if you had more jokes or omitted the regular joke section.

"*The Student*," Portsmouth H. S., Portsmouth, Va.—The cuts in your exchange department are excellent and very appropriate. The Wayside Wares are particularly attractive.

"*The Virginian*," Norfolk, Va.—It is very well to put the games in which your High School won where they will catch the reader's eye.

"*The Tatler*," Elizabeth, N. C.—Better printing and arrangement of material would greatly improve the quality of your magazine.

The Missile of the Petersburg High School thankfully acknowledges the many magazines which it has received and sincerely regrets that our limited space prevents detailed acknowledgement.

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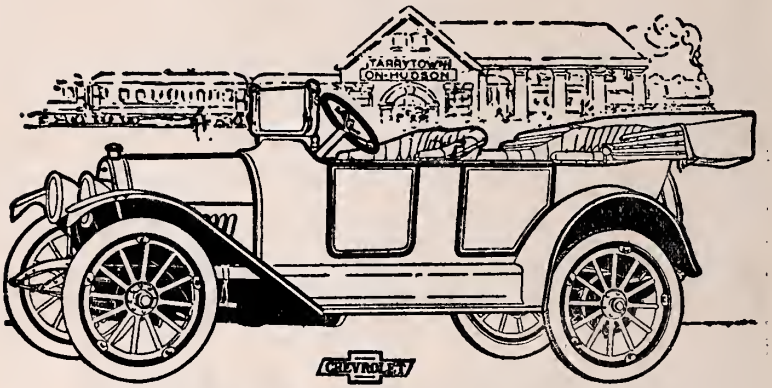

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